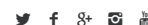




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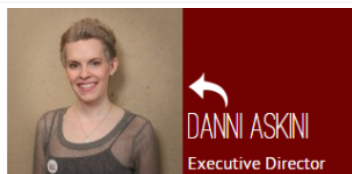
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## Farewell to The Rainbow Center by Jeff B. White

Posted in: [Transgender Awareness](#)Tags: [Cisgender](#), [Transgender](#)

*Repeatedly, I have been asked for an explanation about the events that have transpired between 5/22/2015 and 5/29/2015, this is that story. I will not in any form apologize any more than I already have. I will never speak on this again. Accept this or not. My life must move further. Spelling and Grammar are the least of my concerns at this point. Feel free to judge me as you see fit.*

On Friday, May 22, 2015- I was scrolling my news feed on Facebook just admiring cat pics and staying in tune with the social justice wars, when I stumbled across a post which simply stated,



Check out the amazing work Andi Has done at GJL

**"Urinals = Male Entitlement. Discuss." – posted by Dani Askini, Executive Director of Gender Justice League**

So, silly me thought a discussion was *offered and occurring*. I began reading comments which didn't quite vibe with me, I was curious, I didn't understand. So I started asking questions– not okay in a discussion. I didn't know, honestly. I didn't know how

urinals were a part of my privilege as a man. As with many things which haven't been understood by me in my lifetime, I asked if someone could explain to me how a urinal was a form of entitlement that I have as a man. More than once I asked of the people talking to let me in on this information which had only now been brought to my thoughts. Each time I asked, the replies became more and more snippy. Finally, I gave up. I had shared it onto my own wall to ask my friends and colleagues how they felt about this information. It was mixed, yet I *gained* a bit of understanding due to a *discussion taking place* in which not all parties agreed. It was nice, refreshing.

A few hours passed and not much had taken place in my life, until

Dani Askini came back on with a vengeance as she began transplaning to me how by having so ignorantly exclaimed that I did not understand, yet dared to ask for this to be explained– **that I felt I was owed an explanation**– was indeed the very embodiment of male entitlement, that my privilege as a *cisgender* man is an excluding factor in education on an issue that is not solely mine and mine alone. *"Get the fuck off my wall."*, was her closing to me. That is exactly what I did. Simply said okay, before clicking the "unfriend" button. It was done. I do not have a screen shot of this conversation, because I saw no need in attacking this wonderful Trans advocate who I had the pleasure of meeting in Denver at Creating Change. #CC15



What she said to me was out of anger over how she and her part of the LGBTQ community had been treated since the dawn of time. I understood it was nothing to cause an alarm over, certainly not a reason to take her job, her passion from her.

Or so I thought...

Now, hi, I'm Jeff. I identify as a gay white guy with gay white cisgender male privilege. I am a nonTrans individual who does not fall on the binary scale of Transgenderism and Cisgenderism. As many of you in the progressive movement know, the cardinal rule of gender equality is all people are created equal, free to choose their gender

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role, gender identity, gender expression, and even... choose their gender.

Again, I identify as a *gay white guy*. I *choose* this. I am *allowed* to choose this. I have chosen this and by this I *implore* of you all to respect **\*as my highest and most liberating truth\*** of how I know myself to be today. My definition is *mine to define*. It is mine to write. I would only and always have shown you all the same respect. Please allow this for me.

As a child, I was never allowed to say I was gay. My daddy told me around the age of ten that if I were gay he would disown me. I knew to never say those words to him until one day when I was twenty-four years old- I said for the first time,

"Daddy, do you hate me because I am gay? Is that why, be honest."

he simply said back,

"No. I don't like you because you're an asshole." I respected him more for that than for anything he had ever done for me. I still do.

Though I hadn't said that I was a gay guy to my dad yet, he knew. At the age of fourteen, I came out of the closet to friends. Word got around to my folks, so the next school year I was sent to the local **Independent Fundamental Baptist** high school. There I was to be taught the Word of God, with a dose of "straighen' up boy." This place was supposed to *fix my gay*, allowing a ~~normal~~ life. I won't bore you with the details of what transpired, I'll just say that over the next few years I would be ***raped repeatedly and weekly*** by a teacher who had been charged with protecting me from the outside world. It was called "counseling." This was done to stop me from saying that I am a gay guy. I stopped for a long time. I never said it out loud again with comfort until I was around twenty-eight years old.

Today, at the age of thirty-three, saying I am a gay guy is part of my introduction. It is part of who I am, and I accept who I am finally. It took so long. So damned long.

*This is unacceptable* and clearly a sign- not of personal growth and self-acceptance, but of *bigotry and transmisogyny*. You see, by knowing *my body and mind* well enough to have chosen where I fit on the gender scale, **I have offended all and everyone in the Transgender community**, as well as the LGBTQ community. I know myself well enough that I do not define nor describe myself to be a cisgender man, though I *recognize the privilege* that I **own** as someone who ***appears*** fully cisgender, I simply choose to not use that word as my identifier in any way, wishing others would respect that.

Enter Andi Dier, the Alpha and Omega



After my encounter with Dani, I made a little post on my *personal* Facebook page explaining how I find the term "cisgender" to be offensive, I stated how I wish others wouldn't call me that. Simple stuff. However, when **Andi Dier** saw this she was not having it. Not in the least. How dare I try to call myself by anything other than cisgender, the very definition of that word describes me- to her. To her it described me based on my appearance, based on a



preconceived notion that one is either *and* only

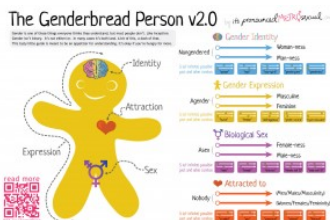
### Trans or Cis – Cis or Trans

Black or White

### Fuck the Cistem

I tried to ask Andi to give me some time to finish what I was doing, at the beach on a Saturday for Memorial Day. She refused, barked that I must defend this horrid transphobic bile immediately. I know all too well to not leave that alone. To at least say something. I was worried. I explained it as this:

I feel as if I am being misgendered when I am called cisgender by another person. It hurts, it is uncomfortable to me, it doesn't feel right. I explained that I felt as if she was currently misgendering me and that that is not acceptable. I told her that if it is okay to misgender people like this, then I can call you a man without issue. "You're a man.", I said. I knew she wouldn't like this, yet I thought she would at some point understand that what I did was not simply and only misgender her, but that I used her experience as a Trans Woman to attempt opening her mind to my specific disdain for being called something I do not like to be called. What she did to me was no different than what I said to her, in my opinion.



Over the next three days, Andi Dier set out to prove that I was right. It isn't okay to misgender a person. If they are a transgender person. I was misgendered by a transgender person. I never intended to deliberately misgender her in return. I later stated many times throughout the past week,

**"I made a mistake. It was a poor attempt at making a point."**

It was too late. A war had been waged by Andi Dier in which she made sure that everyone could see how horribly evil I am as a man. As the Executive Director of Mississippi Gulf Coast Rainbow Center it was declared that I must be destroyed. The Rainbow Center became a point of convergence for Andi with her army to come down in full force. From Facebook to Twitter and all in between– It had begun

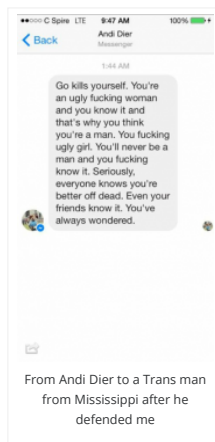
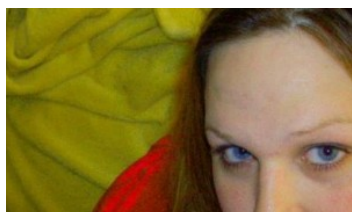
I found posts, comments, tags, reviews, screens shots, retweets, shares, likes, friend request, text messages, phone calls, voice mails, pm's and dm's everything that had a sound in my phone was now on jackpot status. Immediately, I deleted my Facebook assuming it would go away. Never. It got worse. Throughout this all I have turned my Facebook and Twitter accounts off (following the directions of EVERYONE who was on my side) it got worse with each deactivation. No amount of blocking or banning or stopping or begging or logic or pleading would do anything to appease this group of carnivorous women, women who I have never even met. This mob was out for blood.

Anyone who dared speak up for me in any capacity was chanced to be taken down

### Lindsey Lyles

**Our Mother, who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name. Protect your son from this crazed one or take him on to Heaven. Give us this day eight shots of gin and lead us straight to the gallows deliver us from evil. For this one has taken to my last gay nerve as if it is a chew toy for the dog of Satan.**

- a prayer to Judy-





Y'all I have met some folks in my time, but not a one of them has made the impression upon my world as this Lindsey Lyles individual. I can not fathom what has happened to her in her life to make her heart as dark as this, I only pray that she receives the help that she needs in this life.

This woman, unrelated to any of the issues mentioned above, only working based on hearsay and vicious out of context screen shots this woman laid waste to my senses while gnawing against the grain of all reason or logic known to human kind. Not only did she tell me to kill myself more than once throughout the day, after I had made it abundantly clear my state of mind had me to the point of truly suicidal thoughts she only laughed.

It was entertainment to her and to all of these people to take down someone who had honestly and faithfully been a true champion for Transgender Rights in the state of Mississippi. Though I will not delve into all of my work, it is widely known how much I identify with and empathize with my transgender siblings.

However, this woman. This Lindsey Lyles had pushed and pushed an already vulnerable, destroyed spirit to the brink of madness. I told her to kill herself. I snapped. I lost it. I broke the rule that I hold most dear. **"Never speak into the world a wish for another to take their life."** To be completely honest, I don't even feel bad about it. She surpassed the realm of possibility for myself to find a care as to whether she lives or dies. On this, my only apology is that I can not apologize and I will speak no further on her.

**Travis Hearst.**



**As if he came straight from the mountain of Jehova to decree that he and only he may be the sole Judge of Man.**

I literally can not even with this person. The only time I have ever encountered him is on Facebook when I say something that he does not like. Each time, he has taken it upon himself to read two to four sentences I have said, he then uses them to bring hellfire and damnation upon me. I truly feel he is sent from God to punish me. To be here only once everything has already become so bad that there is nothing left but up. Then show us all that the floor is removable, there are eons of mileage before he can allow it to end. I can say nothing bad about him, I do not know him at all. The only thing I know of him is that he does not like me and will stop at nothing to ensure I am aware.



In no way do I even appear to him as if I may be a human being. That much is clear. No matter any words I say in defense of myself, no matter any words uttered- he does not care that a man lives behind the name Jeff B. White.

**Y'all, Jesus wept.**

*At the end of the sixth day, Jeff rested.*

*My resignation from The Rainbow Center was sent out at 12:30 am on May 29, 2015. It was sent via email to the board at The Rainbow Center as well as our mailing list, and our Facebook and Twitter accounts. This came after the orders of over a hundred Transgender women, aaand Travis, had shared and commented on a situation which none of them were ever a part of affected them.*

*I have at this point, finished as we have reached Day 7 of Transageddon. I can continue no further in this terror trial by fire.*

I do not care if you call me cisgender anymore. I do not care what you call me. All I ask is that I can be left alone for the rest of my days and none of you ever call me again.

PLEASE.

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